

IMPROVE COLLEGE LIBRARY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE

YOUNG WINGS

SEP 30 1953



THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
The Book Club for Young Readers

In the United States and Canada

OCTOBER 1953





Contents

Our October Books

Cochise: Apache Warrior and Statesman <i>by Edgar Wyatt</i>	3
For our 9, 10, and 11 year old Members	
Jupiter and the Cats <i>by Alice E. Goudey</i>	4
For our 5 and 6 year old Members	
Proud Pumpkin <i>by Nora S. Unwin</i>	5
For our 7 and 8 year old Members	
How Do I Love Thee? <i>by Helen Elmira Waite</i>	6
For our older girls	
Jack Davis, Forward <i>by Leon Burgoyne</i>	7
For our older boys	

This Month's Authors and Artists

I Came to Visit and Stayed On	8
<i>by Nora S. Unwin</i>	
Writing's My Job Now	9
<i>by Edgar Wyatt</i>	
Like Ba, I Was a Poor Speller	12
<i>by Helen Elmira Waite</i>	
My State Champions	13
<i>by Leon Burgoyne</i>	
Always an Invitation to Cats	14
<i>by Alice E. Goudey</i>	
Two New Junior Literary Guild Artists	15
<i>Allan Houser and Dirk Gringhuis</i>	

Junior Literary Guild Specials

Book Week Belongs to You Boys and Girls Everywhere	10
Junior Literary Guild Honor Department	16
Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf	19
With the Junior Literary Guild Everywhere	20

Y O U N G W I N G S

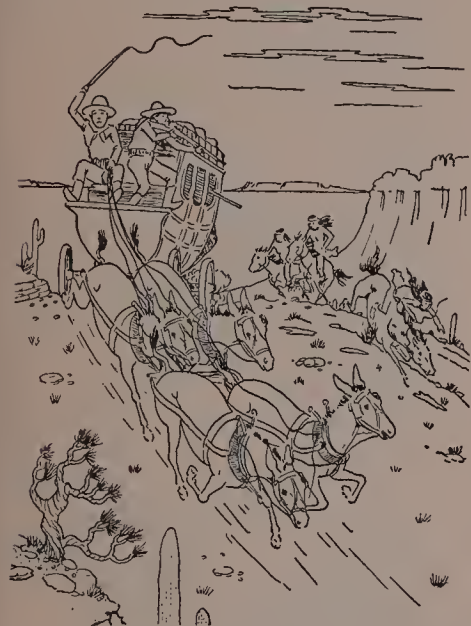
From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

He Wanted Peace with the Whites

EASTWARD across the desert rolled the stagecoach. Both the driver and the guard kept searching each ditch and gully for signs of lurking Indians. Only



in Cochise's mountains could the travelers feel safe from attack.

Then suddenly came a shout of warning from the guard. His rifle cracked as he cried out, "Apaches! Apaches!"

Across the road swept a band of Pinal Apaches. Separating into

two parts, the attackers wheeled at the right for another charge. They were nearly upon the whites when their yells of triumph turned to cries of alarm. Racing toward them from the foothills rode a band of Chiricahua Apaches, men from the tribe of Cochise. The attackers fled westward, pursued by the Chiricahuas, and the white men's lives were saved by Cochise's men.

Who was Cochise? Why was he friendly to the whites? Why did he change later? You nine, ten, and eleven year olds are about to meet him in *Cochise: Apache Warrior and Statesman*, by Edgar Wyatt. Exciting reading ahead!

This book brings to you two new Junior Guild friends. On page nine you will meet the author, Edgar Wyatt, and on page fifteen, the artist, Allan Houser.

Cochise: Apache Warrior and Statesman by Edgar Wyatt is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Whittlesey House at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: B (Biography). Subject headings: 1. Indians of North America. 2. Cochise (Apache Indian Chief). 3. Frontier and pioneer life.

And Still the Cats Kept Coming

POOR Jupiter! He had always been such a happy dog. He loved everyone, and everyone loved him. He was happy living with Mr. and Mrs. Pickett. You should see his house in their back yard. His name was painted above the door!

But there was one thing—just one thing—that Jupiter did not



like. Cats! Some dogs made friends with them. But not Jupiter. No, sir. If a cat came his way, you may be sure Jupiter chased him away. A bark or two and the cat disappeared. Yes, he certainly had those cats scared, he boasted to himself. They kept out of his yard.

One day Jupiter's world turned upside down. It started when he caught Tobias, the cat who lived next door, prowling around in the garden. While Jupiter was chasing Tobias out, two more cats came in, and then three more. Jupiter ran this way and that

way, barking and barking. Still the cats kept coming. They would not stay away. Now Jupiter grew sadder and sadder. In *Jupiter and the Cats*, by Alice E. Goudey, you five and six year olds will learn why the cats kept coming and what became of them and Jupiter.

Both the author and the artist are already Junior Guild friends. Alice E. Goudey wrote that favorite of yours, *Danny Boy*. On page fourteen Mrs. Goudey tells you how Jupiter's story had its start. Paul Brown, the artist, also illustrated *Danny Boy* and many other Junior Guild books. They are listed on the back cover.



Jupiter and the Cats by Alice E. Goudey is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 5 and 6 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Charles Scribner's Sons at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Dogs—Stories.

Watch Out, You Proud Pumpkin!

THERE were many pumpkins in Mr. Farmer's garden, and there were cucumbers and tomatoes, too—and many other good things to eat. It was a busy garden. Birds flew down to scratch and peck. Grasshoppers jumped around. Caterpillars crawled along leaves and over plants, stopping to nibble now and then. And there were hungry beetles.

Of course the pumpkins and the other plants did not move about. But they were busy, too. They were growing, getting bigger and bigger every day.

One of the pumpkins was bigger than any of the others. And, oh, how proud he was! He would never, never be eaten, he insisted.

"I'll be so handsome," he declared, "that I'll live forever."

"We prefer to be useful," his brother pumpkins said quietly.

The story of what happened to the pumpkins is told to you seven and eight year old Members in *Proud Pumpkin*, written and illustrated by Nora S. Unwin.

As an artist, Miss Unwin is already a Junior Literary Guild friend. She made the lovely illustrations for *The Doll Who Came*



Alive, written by Enys Tregarthen and edited by Elizabeth Yates. On page eight Nora Unwin writes about her friendship with Elizabeth Yates—otherwise, Mrs. McGreal—and her husband. It is on their farm that Miss Unwin now makes her home.

We are happy to have on the cover of this month's YOUNG WINGS Miss Unwin's sketch for the jacket of *Proud Pumpkin*.

Proud Pumpkin by Nora S. Unwin is the new Junior Guild selection for 7 and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Aladdin Books at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Picture books.





Presenting Elizabeth and Robert Browning and Their Love Story

YOUR story this month is a real one, older girls. It is the true love story of two world-famous poets—Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning—told to you by Helen Elmira Waite in *How Do I Love Thee?*

You will meet Elizabeth first as a young girl in her own home. An injury when she was fifteen had left her an invalid, and she was practically a prisoner in her room. Her father adored her. He petted her and praised her poems. But he was a tyrant. Selfish, grim, scornful, domineering—that was Mr. Barrett. He insisted on keeping Elizabeth—or Ba, as everyone called her—in the raw climate, the smoke and the fog, of London. He shut out all sunlight and fresh air from her room, declaring that they might cause her death. When the doctors urged him to send Ba to the milder climate of Italy, he flatly refused.

"What can you be thinking of," he asked his eldest son who

begged him to let Ba go, "—that I should send my darling away from me to die?"

Ba was only nineteen when she and Robert Browning finally met. He had been trying for a long time to see her, for each one admired the other's poetry. But Ba kept putting him off. She was afraid he would be so disappointed when he saw her that he would end their letter friendship. But at last he came—again and again. You have an absorbing story to read in your new book.

Helen Elmira Waite is a new Junior Guild author. She introduces herself to you on page twelve. The artist for her book is Manning deV. Lee, whose Junior Guild books are listed on the back cover of *YOUNG WINGS*.

How Do I Love Thee? by Helen Elmira Waite is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by Macrae Smith Company at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: B (Biography). Subject heading: Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.

Can Hal Really Come Through?

THE Davis brothers were both fine basketball players. But it was Hal, the older one, who was really exceptional. Jack readily admitted that, and he kept trying to convince his brother that he belonged on the team, that he owed it to Sterling High to get on the varsity team.

But Hal would not listen. He went on his way, playing Saturday mornings on the intramural team, where he was not bound by rules and regulations. Two years ago a coach had thrown him off the varsity team on account of smoking. Ever since, Hal had been bitter against coaches. So now he was taking out his grudge on the new young coach, Larry Craig.

The first game of the season had been disastrous: Sterling 40 and Maple Heights 65. Jack insisted it was not the coach's fault. What chance had a team when only one of its players—Jack—had been on the varsity before? And the Maple Heights men were tall, heavy, and well trained.

Here was Hal's chance to put Coach Craig on the spot. Hal had a weekly sports column in the school paper. In his article, "Out of Gas," Hal pictured his brother Jack as the "only gleam of light in the contest" and put the whole blame on the coach. Now the faculty and the school body were upset. Hal lost his position as editor and was nearly expelled. But Coach Craig was not dis-

turbed. He had a remedy to suggest to the principal. What that suggestion was and what happened then is the thrilling story told to you older boys in *Jack Davis, Forward*, by Leon Burgoyne. Even Jack wondered how his brother would work out.

Leon Burgoyne, the author, and Dirk Gringhuis, the artist, are both new Junior Literary Guild friends. Read about them on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Jack Davis, Forward by Leon Burgoyne is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by The John C. Winston Co. at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Basketball—Fiction.



I Came to Visit and Stayed On

by Nora S. Unwin

ONE April day back in 1946, I arrived in the United States to visit Mr. and Mrs. McGreal at Shieling, their old farm in New Hampshire. I had known them in England and had worked on a number of books with Mrs. McGreal—you probably know her as Elizabeth Yates. I had planned to stay here just a year, but I have lived in America ever since, except for occasional trips to England to visit my twin sister and the rest of my family. I love the New England countryside and enjoy sharing in the work of house and garden, helping to raise puppy families, climbing mountains, swimming, making friends.

I now have an enchanting little studio cottage made over from the carriage shed. My work in-

cludes book illustrating and wood engraving and has been included in exhibitions in many large cities. And I have been elected to the National Academy of Design.

We do all sorts of interesting things in the country. One of them happens Monday afternoons at four. The neighborhood children, ranging from four to eleven years of age, come to Shieling for an hour of storytelling. Some days we meet around a cozy fire in my studio, and other times in a tiny cottage that was once a garden house. We tell old stories or make



up new ones. We read stories from books. Last year at Halloween the boys and girls made jack-o'-lanterns. Then I told a story about a pumpkin, the very one that is in your book. I drew pictures with colored crayons on sheets of paper as I told the story. That's why I have dedicated the book to the Story Hour children.

Nora S. Unwin in New Hampshire



Writing's My Job Now

by Edgar Wyatt



*Edgar
Wyatt,
a new
Junior
Literary
Guild
author-
friend*

I WAS born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, on February 21, 1905. My father owned a bookstore there and also sold sporting goods. So the first two loves of



my life were books and baseball. I used to dream of fame as a major leaguer, but I cannot recall any special impulse to write books. I was happy merely reading the books, and I read everything I could lay my hands on, including what people considered the "wrong" books as well as the good ones. When in my school-work I came upon *Silas Marner*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Ivanhoe*, and Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, they were already old friends of mine. I knew them all well.

When I was fourteen, my father's illness took us to El Paso, Texas, and there I finished high school in 1922. Then we moved to Tucson, Arizona, where I attended the University of Arizona. My fraternity, Pi Kappa Alpha, insisted that each member must take up some kind of campus activity. So I got a job on the college newspaper, did passably at my first writing for publication, and became news editor.

In 1927 I graduated and, I thought, put writing aside forever. I went into business, got married, and began paying for a house and a car. During the following years I worked too hard and collapsed in 1939. For several years I had to spend month after month in bed. Of course I could not go to business. What could I do to support myself and my family? I must find something.

It was then that the thought of writing came to me. It had not been too hard to write when I was working on the college paper. So I tried writing for magazines. My first piece I sold (Turn to page 19)

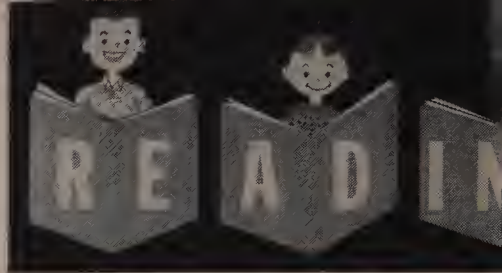


The 1953 Book Week Poster

BOOK WEEK! Yes, once again exciting days are drawing near—those days when boys and girls in schools and libraries everywhere celebrate Book Week. How are you planning to honor your book friends in your school or in your library? Will you have a book party or a program or an exhibit? It's not a bit too early to start deciding now, for the date is November 15-21.

Waiting to help you with your Book Week celebration is the Children's Book Council. The address is 50 West 53 Street, New York 19, New York. The members of the Council are editors of books for boys and girls in publishing houses all over the United States. It is they who have a 1953 *Manual for Book Week*, which your teacher or your librarian may obtain without charge, simply by writing for it.

It was the Council members, too, who asked Jan Balet to paint



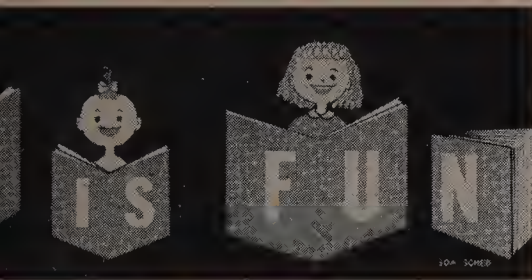
Book Week Bel

the gay and attractive 1953 Book Week poster reproduced here. This may also be obtained from the Children's Book Council for thirty-five cents a copy, with a reduction in cost if bought in large quantities. The streamers pictured here come in bright colors, and there are bookmarks, too. All this and much more you will find listed in the Manual.

Have you ever wondered about Book Week—how it came to be and when, and who started it?

Back in 1915, when Franklin K. Mathiews was Chief Librarian for the Boy Scouts of America, he decided that reading must become a part of the Boy Scout program. He printed a list of books for boys and persuaded bookstores in several cities to promote boys' reading through special displays of books for a whole week in November. Then the First World War came, and the idea was dropped for the time.

In 1918 Mr. Mathiews revived the idea and discussed it with Frederic G. Melcher, who was then secretary of the American Booksellers Association and is now editor of *The Publishers' Weekly*. Mr. Melcher liked the



Here are the streamers and the poster for Book Week 1953. The poster was painted by Jan Balet. The streamer artists are: Ida Scheib, top; Leo Politi, center; Ursula Koering, bottom. The animal figures are from Maurice Sendak's streamer. Miss Koering, Mr. Politi, and Mr. Sendak are all Junior Guild artists

s to You Boys and Girls Everywhere



Reading
is fun



idea but thought girls should be included. The American Library Association soon became interested, and the first Book Week Committee was formed.

In 1921 Mr. Melcher offered a medal to be awarded each year to the author of the most distinguished contribution to American literature, written in the preceding year. He named the medal after John Newbery, a famous publisher of children's books in London back in the eighteenth century. Then in 1938 Mr. Melcher added a medal for the illustrator of the most distinguished American picture book published during the previous year. This medal he named after the well-known English artist, Randolph Caldecott. Each year Children's Librarians and School Librarians in the United States choose the books which are to receive the awards. Many Junior Guild books have been among those honored.



Like Ba, I Was a Poor Speller

by Helen Elmira Waite

WHAT a disappointment I was to my family! I was awkward at sewing. I spoiled the family record for producing top-rate mathematicians. I was the first unmusical member of the family for several generations. But I did have two accomplishments. I could read everything in sight, and I could type. On the Christmas when I was four, my father gave me a typewriter—a third-hand one, but a real one.

On my ninth birthday I saw my first story in print. At ten I decided to become a librarian because I was fascinated by the dates the librarian used. And about that time I asked the librarian for a book with "some mystery, some adventure, excitement, history,

all mixed up with love and where the characters would talk like real people."

The librarian looked rather stunned. "I'm afraid you'll have to write it yourself."

"All right, I will," I said.

The family were amused and reminded me that I'd have to learn to spell. The thought of all the words I'd have to spell in writing a book nearly daunted me. Then a couple of years later I read the book, *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*. In one letter Elizabeth confessed that when she added two and one, it came out four. And her own grandmother said her seams were a disgrace. Elizabeth talked, too, about her *badd speling*. I fell in love with her on the spot.

Unable to decide whether to become a librarian or a writer, I took courses in both at Columbia University. Then I became the Librarian of the Junior Room of the Public Library in my birth-place—Oradell, New Jersey. To me, working with boys and girls and books is the finest of all jobs.

I have written stories and plays, too. *How Do I Love Thee?* is my sixth book. And for five years I was literary editor of the magazine, *Everygirl's*. I love the sea, taking weather observations, white Persian cats, and our home—a hundred twenty years old.

Helen Waite busy at her desk in the Oradell Public Library





Meet Leon Burgoyne, your new Junior Literary Guild author. He has played and coached basketball

My State Champions

by Leon Burgoyne

I WAS born in Berrien Springs, Michigan, on December 21, 1916. At that time Berrien Springs, situated on a high bluff overlooking the St. Joseph River, was a village of about 1200 people. My mother was a school-teacher there, and my father owned a livery stable. Dad gained quite a reputation as a horse trader. My parents are still living. My mother is a librarian, and my father is in business.

Although we lived in the heart of the village, my parents gave me a young goat for a pet when I was about three years old. The goat and I grew up together, and "Billy" became one of the gang. She used to follow my friends and me all over town and took an active part in our play and arguments. She died when I was seventeen, but she had already become a village character. Even now when I go home, there is always someone who brings up stories about my goat.

At an early age I became interested in Scouting and heckled our Superintendent of Schools until

he started a troop. I advanced through all the ranks, including Eagle, and spent eleven summers at Scout camp. Seven of those



summers I was on the camp staff as activities director or waterfront director. I have kept up my registration in the Scouts ever since I first joined.

It was in junior high and high school that I became interested in athletics and in basketball in particular. I played forward in high school and liked the game so much I decided to become a coach. I majored in physical education at Western Michigan College. After graduating in 1939, I coached for two years and then went into the Navy, spending several months in the Navy's physical fitness program. Then I was commissioned (Turn to page 18)

Always an Invitation to Cats

by Alice E. Goudey

OF COURSE there was no written invitation to cats on our white picket fence, but there might just as well have been one. Inside our fence was an invitation which every cat could readily understand—a bed of catnip. Every spring the cats came from all around to roll in that catnip. When they were hungry, they took the dog's food from his dish. He was so busy snapping at the cats to drive them away that he had little time to eat. And while he was chasing the first arrivals, others crept in and gobbled up his food.

One day my sister and I felt so sorry for the dog that we caught the cats and shut them up in our granary, which was empty then. Do you know what a granary is? It is a building in which grain is stored. Soon the cats were making a horrible racket, fighting and yowling. We peeked at them through a small window. What a

mad-looking bunch they were, snarling, hissing, and chasing one another! Their eyes were big and yellow in the dim light. My sister and I were afraid they might hurt one another, and so we finally opened the door. Out they tumbled—white cats, black cats, blue cats, tiger-striped cats—all with their hair standing straight up on their backs and their tails big and bushy. They headed for the bushes and disappeared before we could say, "Scat!" You should have seen them!

One day, not long ago, I read in the paper about a little dog who was pestered by cats because there was catnip growing in his yard. Suddenly I remembered our dog and the cats that came to our yard. I knew just how that little dog felt, and so I decided to write a story about him.

I hope you won't think that I do not like cats, because I really do—even though Jupiter doesn't.



Alice E. Goudey
the author of
"Jupiter and
the Cats." In
her new book
she brings back
to you the boys
and girls and
the pony who
were friends of
yours in another
Junior Literary
Guild book—
"Danny Boy"



Two New Junior Literary Guild Artists

Allan Houser and Dirk Gringhuis

THIS IS *Allan Houser speaking*: I have never lived on the Warm Springs Reservation in southwestern New Mexico, where my father lived until he was eighteen. But I feel as though it were my home. Ever since I was a small child, I have listened almost nightly to stories of life there, and I have interpreted those true stories in many of my paintings. People have complimented me on my knowledge of the Apaches. But it would be strange if I did not know them. I am a direct descendant of the famous and feared Apache war chief, Geronimo. My father was his interpreter. I owe my knowledge of the Apaches to my father, my severest critic.

My parents were taken prisoners of war along with Geronimo and his band. They were moved forcibly to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and were given the name of Fort Sill Apaches. But we are by rights the Warm Springs Apaches.

My Indian name is *Ha-oz-ous*, which means "Pulling Roots." I was born on June 30, 1914, on a farm in Oklahoma and was reared there. In 1936 I went to the Indian Art School in Santa Fe, New Mexico. During my first year there I won a trophy for outstanding work in art. After completing the course, I immediately rented a studio in Santa Fe and began working full time at my

profession. Through the years I have painted many murals—in Washington, D. C.; in Oklahoma; in New Mexico; and recently at the Intermountain School in Brig-



Allan Houser, illustrator of "Cochise"

ham City, Utah, where I am the instructor in arts and crafts.

In 1948 I won a fellowship in sculpturing and painting from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

And this is Dirk Gringhuis speaking: You have no idea how happy I am to be a Junior Literary Guild artist. You see, the Junior Guild had much to do with my choice of a career. Back in 1930 I was a member of the Book Club. The illustrations by Henry Pitz in my book, *The Painted Arrow*, by Frances Gaither, led me to do my first line drawing. I still have my Junior Guild (Turn to page 18)

JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

Our Book Club Members are the authors of these pages. You, too, may write for them if you receive Junior Guild books at home, or if you read them in school or at the public library. The best letters received are published here and those who write them become Honor Members.

WHAT I THINK OF MY JUNIOR GUILD BOOKS

My Girl Friend Interested Me In Joining the Junior Guild

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been receiving Junior Literary Guild books for about eight months, and I think the books are wonderful. One of my favorites is *Strong Wings*, by Mabel Louise Robinson. My girl friend belonged to the Junior Guild. That was what gave me the idea of joining. My mother said I could join if I paid for my own books, and that's what I do.

Yours truly,

MARY WATTERS, AGE 14
SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA

This Fine Story Emphasizes The Merits of Fair Play

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I have read many Junior Literary Guild books, but the one that I admire most is *Shortstop Shadow*, by Howard M. Brier. This is the fictitious story of a baseball player, whose determination and effort brought him recognition in the world of baseball. *Shortstop Shadow* emphasizes the merits of fair play.

Your friend,

JERRY PHILLIPS, AGE 13
SHERIDAN, WYOMING

I Have Been Enjoying Junior Guild Books for Six Years

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I love all your books. I have been getting them for six years. I like dog books a lot. I have just gotten a very good book called *Of Courage Undaunted*, by James Daugherty. So far I have enjoyed every bit of it. I really like *The Davenport* and *Cherry Pie*, by Alice Dalgliesh. I



Mary Watters, San Leandro, California,
and Jerry Phillips, Sheridan, Wyoming

loved the pictures that Flavia Gág drew. I would like to meet them both sometime. I also liked *Blue Ribbons for Meg*, by Adèle de Leeuw; *The Haunted Hound*, by Robb White; and *Sagebrush Filly*, by Eugenia Stone.

Very sincerely yours,

SALLY TRAVER, AGE 12
WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND

Now My Brother Has Joined The Junior Literary Guild

DEAR EDITOR:

I have just finished my latest Junior Literary Guild book, *Scarlet Royal*, by Anne Emery, which I enjoyed very much. Some more of my favorites are *Thanks to Letty*, by Dorothy Burke, and *Milestone*, by Esther Elisabeth Carlson.

I like all of my Junior Literary Guild books so well that I frequently loan them to my friends, and they enjoy them as much as I do.

My younger brother has joined the Junior Guild and likes his books, too.

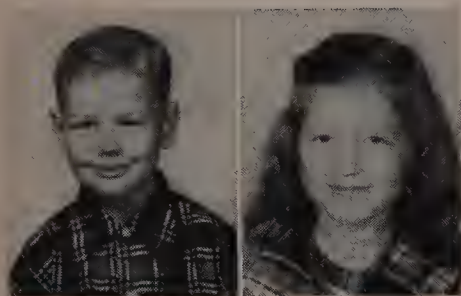
Yours sincerely,

EDYTH DIBBLE, AGE 11
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

HONOR DEPARTMENT

In your letter, tell about your favorite Junior Guild books and why you like them. Put your name, age, and address on your letter and send in a snapshot of yourself. An inscribed book for your own library is awarded to the writer of every letter published in our Honor Department.

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF OUR BOOK CLUB



Donald Bowersox, Haviland, Ohio, and
Gay Dian Terry, Orick, California

My Teacher Reads My Junior Guild Books Aloud at School

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD MEMBERS:

I have been a Junior Guild Member since I was five. My brother is three. When we get our Junior Guild package, we can hardly wait until it's unwrapped to see what the new book is. We have enjoyed immensely *Biquette*, *The White Goat*, by Françoise. We have twenty-three books now. Our mother reads them over and over. The boys and girls at school like the books, too.

Yours truly,

DONALD BOWERSOX, AGE 6
HAVILAND, OHIO

I Hope to Receive Many More Fine Junior Guild Books

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I have been a Member of the Junior Guild for eight months. I just finished reading *The Vanilla Village*, by Priscilla Carden, and I liked it very much. I hope that she will write more books. I especially liked the paintings by Jay Hyde Barnum. They were very colorful and different from any I've seen. I like to

read the letters written to the Honor Department. They are very interesting. I enjoy my Junior Guild books very much. When I finish reading them, I send them to my friends in the Philippine Islands.

Yours sincerely,

GAY DIAN TERRY, AGE 8
ORICK, CALIFORNIA

My Friends and I Have Happy Hours Together with My Books

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have been with the Junior Guild for almost a year, and I like my books very much. I just finished *Timmy and the Tiger*, by Marjorie Paradis, and enjoyed it very much. I can hardly wait for my books each month. My favorites are horse stories and mysteries. My friends are also interested in the Junior Guild books. We spend many happy hours together with my books.

Yours truly,

PRISCILLA VOLLENWEIDER, AGE 10
LA CRESCENT, MINNESOTA

Many of My Books Have Been Helpful with My Studies

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have been receiving Junior Guild books for about two years. All have been most enjoyable. Many have helped me with my studies. *Julia Valeria*, by Elizabeth Gale, is the most exciting one yet. I was surprised at how much the life of the ancient Romans was like our own. It is the first of Elizabeth Gale's books I have read. Bruno Frost's illustrations made the story seem even more real.

Very truly yours,

RITA BURKE, AGE 14
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

My State Champions—Their Victory Started Me Writing

(Continued from page 13)

and taught seamanship in the Midshipmen's School at Notre Dame. The last year of the war I spent in the Pacific aboard the *U.S.S. Yorktown*, which was an aircraft carrier.

After the war I returned to coaching and came to St. Joseph as basketball coach in the fall of 1947. I had a great team that year. We won the state championship in March, 1948. In 1950 we were back in the semi-finals of the state tournament, losing by three points to the team that won the title the next day. In 1951 I left the field of education and purchased a drugstore here in St. Joseph.

I cannot remember when I first became interested in writing. I always read everything I could get my hands on, and I still read a great deal. One of my English teachers in college encouraged me to write, but I did not do anything about it until after my team won the state championship. Then I wrote an article for *The Athletic Journal*. Its acceptance encouraged me, and I wrote and sold more

articles. The high school librarian and my mother both urged me to write a basketball story. Boys and girls were demanding such stories, but there were few to be found. So I wrote *State Champs*, which was published by The John C. Winston Company. And now here is *Jack Davis, Forward*, my second book, a Junior Guild selection.

In 1942 I was married to Betty Brown of St. Joseph—a very attractive and talented young lady. In addition to keeping the books and working almost full time in our store, raising a daughter, and managing our house, she is soloist with an orchestra at a large hotel here. She also finds time to criticize my writing. Our daughter Suzanne is in the first grade and is already writing stories. She goes me one better, though, because she illustrates her own stories. Suzanne cannot make up her mind whether she wants to become a writer or a television actress. Fortunately she has a long time still in which to make her decision.

Two New Junior Literary Guild Artists

(Continued from page 15)

books, and my son Ricky will be reading them all before too long.

I was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on September 22, 1918, and attended public schools there. Later I studied art in Detroit, Chicago, and New York City. I had intended becoming an easel painter. I still do paint, but I have turned mostly to writing and illustrating books for boys and girls. To me, there is no greater reward than to hear that a young reader likes a story of mine. Guess I have not grown up entirely myself. I still thrill to a flintlock pistol, a cavalry saber, a chunk of driftwood, a fine horse, or a jet plane going by overhead.

Our home is a farmhouse with a white fence just outside of East Lansing, Michigan. We enjoy the wonder of growing things, of young robins in the nest outside my studio window, in the stillness of the snow, in the pheasant tracks under

the gate. My wife Helen, our son Ricky, and our dachshund, Baron Otto Von Schnapps, make up an ideal existence.

Dirk Gringhuis, Junior Guild artist, is also a writer of books for young people



Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf



Where am I going? Why, out on a date with those Halloween witches, of course. Where else would I go when October's here?

But let me tell you. I'm not staying down in plain old atmosphere, where those witches fly around. I'm heading straight out through the troposphere and the stratosphere and the ionosphere until I get to the exosphere. Are you following me, you older guys? I did well, I'm telling you. And you'll be going along, too, next month. Let anyone ask you a question about traveling into space and you'll have the answer. Some book! Back to the atmosphere for you older gals. You'll be dancing high, though, as golden slippers carry you into the world of movies and ballet with a touch of romance, too. Ho, hum!

Now down to earth with a thumpety, thumpety, thumpety, and a crash, bang, for you five and six year olds. How can anyone live with all that racket? There's a surprise ahead for you and for Sandy. Just wait until he meets his cousin Roger. Oh, boy!

Animals! Animals! A great huge one for you nine, ten, and eleven year olds. Sure, an elephant, no less. And what excitement while you and the boy Haji hunt for the mighty elephant who has run away! Will you catch him? A tiny little animal for you seven and eight year olds. Sir Mortimer may be small, but he meows his way right into everyone's love, even into the heart of Mr. Grumpy. And Mr. Grumpy positively did not like cats.

"Writing's My Job Now," Says Edgar Wyatt

(Continued from page 9)

to *American Home*. Then there was a long barren time when no ideas came. I tried to be patient. Later I made a sale to *Holiday*. I also sold some Indian stories to *Caravan* and *Story Parade*.

These stories of Indians were born of my fascinated interest in the history and romance of this great Southwest. I read all I could find about Geronimo, Cochise, Mangas Coloradas, and the other Apache Indians who had roamed and raided here within the memory of living people. Then

I made a great discovery. These stories had been told many times in histories for grown-up people. But nobody, so far as I could find, had ever told them for younger boys and girls.

I began with *Geronimo*. I tried to tell his story simply, truthfully, and sympathetically. Finally *Geronimo* became a book, my first. Anyone who writes about the Apaches must write about Cochise, the greatest of them all. So *Cochise* is my second book. I hope you will like it.



With the Junior Guild Everywhere



From the Russell Library in Middletown, Connecticut, comes word of a fine new quiz program presented last winter, "Books Are Fun." From two to two-thirty every afternoon for seven weeks, a group of boys and girls from various schools in Middletown broadcast over the local radio station WCNX. All ages—from kindergarten through the sixth grade—were represented in the different groups. The picture above, which was sent to *YOUNG WINGS* by Virginia Hatch, Children's Librarian, and Nathaly E. Newton, Librarian, shows a group of fifth-grade contestants. From left to right the girls are: Patricia Gianakos, Christine Donahue, Katherine Dunn, Joan Poliner, Evelyn Cahill, Shirley Stockton, Martha Hill, and Carol Fortin. With them is Mr. Robert McCarter, who acted as their quiz master. Each girl or boy who took

part in the program received a book to keep—a gift from the library and the Middletown Branch of the American Association of University Women, who presented the program—as well as a toy bank from the Middletown Savings Bank, the sponsor of the program.



Members of the Junior Guild are well acquainted with two of this month's artists. Paul Brown illustrated: *Danny Boy*, by Alice E. Goudey; *Copper's Chance*, by Jane S. McIlvaine; *Ghost Town Cowboy* and *A Horse to Remember*, by Genevieve Torrey Eames; and *Plow Penny Mystery*, *Buttonwood Island*, and *Hobby Horse Hill*, all by Lavinia R. Davis. Manning deV. Lee was the artist for: *Scarlet Royal*, by Anne Emery; *The Burro Tamer*, by Florence Hayes; *Jeff Roberts, Railroader*, by Edward Ford; and many others.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

Garden City, New York

Toronto, Canada

The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of five and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of YOUNG WINGS with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.